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## Zion's Herald.

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#### THE OLD YEAR.

BY PROF. B. F. LEGGOTT.

"The King is dead!"  
"Long live the King!"

The year's last sunset burning low  
Has faded from the sky,  
And all the hill-tops white with snow  
Have blushed to see it die.

Where first he stood in kingly might  
To gild the shining crown,  
The Year will pause awhile to-night  
To lay his sceptre down.

And in the lonely midnight hall,  
His royal splendors fled,  
Old winter's white-frosted robe will fall  
To hide his crownless head.

The stars will lend their fitful gleam  
To gild the midnight snows,  
So softly folded o'er his dream  
In sleep's sublime repose.

So passes all his glorious prime  
As endless years have done,  
Since first the morning hills of time  
Grew golden in the sun.

And while we fondly linger near,  
The final dream unsought,  
We hold the Old Year's memory dear,  
For all the good he wrought.

So kindly was his gentle sway,  
So glad his golden reign,  
We linger by his closing day,  
And wish him crowned again.

Let how through all the waiting land,  
Beneath his lifted crown,  
His train went forth in beauty grand  
To scatter largess down.

On rich and poor alike have laid  
The bounty he has won,  
White once again the world has made  
The circuit of the sun.

He called the earth from slumbers deep,  
He broke her frozen dream,  
And warmed the sluggish pulse of sleep  
With springtime's sunny gleam.

Till all the tides of life grew strong  
Through nature's hidden ways,  
Till wind and wave and bird and song  
Were glad with summer's praise.

From songful rain and golden sheen,  
When winter storms were furled,  
He wrought the meadow's woven green,  
The harvest of the world.

The luscious fruits of autumn-time  
Were scattered in his train,  
And where he passed in every clime  
Were garnered health and grain.

If ever o'er his peaceful path  
The baleful fies have spread  
Of lurid passion's kindled wrath,  
Of battle's stormy tread;

If in some vine-wreathed land afar  
Where summer languid and leant,  
Beneath the deadly plague's red star  
The silent Reaper gleaned;

If 'neath the sunshine's gracious smile  
Within the Old Year's reign,  
Went his glad presence stood awhile  
And cast its spell of pain;

His breath across the azure bay—  
The shoreless sea of blue—  
Far swept the murky cloud away,  
And let the sunbeams through.

And over wave and over wood  
He poured the mellow shine,  
That stayed the Reaper where he stood  
Amid the hills of vine.

From stores of plenty's golden grain  
His bounty ripened well,  
He stilled the cry of hunger's pain  
Where blight and famine fell.

And every land beneath the sun  
Has felt his genial way,  
His gracious ministries have run  
World-wide their shining way.

And when the starry line drew near  
No sandaled foot hath trod,  
He brought the kindly Christmas cheer,  
The gracious gift of God.

When peace on earth, good-will below  
On wings of song uprose,  
He paused above the hills of snow  
As waiting for its close.

Awhile beneath the patient blaze  
Of starry midnight's spell,  
He turned below his longing gaze  
On lands he loved so well.

And when the solemn chimes were told  
Above his royal head,  
Low dropped his sceptre's frosted gold—  
The crownless King was dead!

Alas! Alas! the gray Old Year!  
This wreath of song we bring  
To lay upon his white-robed bier,  
Then cry—"Long live the King!"

### ONLY A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Most of us have commenced the year 1886 with new purposes, new resolutions, or, at least, new thoughts, with reference to the twelve months lying just before us. Meetings have been held, consecrations made, vows

registered. How many vows will be kept? How many consecrations preserved inviolate? It is safe to say that those who do not begin to keep their New Year's resolutions with the first hours of the New Year, will never find that more convenient season for which they are waiting. Among our New Year's gifts was a Shakespearean Calendar, on to-day's leaf of which is printed: "Eight days past; three hundred and fifty-seven days to come." It is a novel way of looking at the new year, and yet it is a helpful one. There are only so many days left, and each of those days is already pre-empted to its own share of duty and responsibility, and has no vacant corner in which to squeeze the neglected ones of the first eight. What is not done in its time and place, will go undone to all eternity. You mean to be more entirely consecrated to the service of God this year than ever before; are you so to-day? To give more of time, money and personal service; have you given them yet? To make more of your opportunities; have you made the most of those of this one week?

There is a tendency to feel at the beginning of the year that there is limitless time before us, and because there is, to put off beginning what we fully intend to do, till we wake up suddenly to find the golden days slipping away, and to realize that there are only a few of them—so few, that we can never do the intended thing at all. Might it not be well for us all to say to ourselves each morning, "There are only so many days left of this year?"

But the sweetest New Year's thought is, after all, that which was the key-note of a consecration meeting held in Brooklyn the first Sunday of the year: "I dwell with the King for His work."

If the King's house be indeed our dwelling, not a place of occasional visitation, we have little need for resolutions, consecrations and vows. For there are two sides of that ideal of life, and the two taken together make up that most perfect of all natural spheres.

A great preacher recently said that the *logos*, the word and thought of God toward a fallen race, is simply Emmanuel—God with us. Christ, God in man as redemption; the Holy Spirit, God in man for sanctification; God in providence for us, God in battle with us. It is well to know that we dwell with the King, but better still to remember that the King dwells with us. For the latter proposition is the foundation and efficient cause of the former. God always takes the initiative; "we love Him because He first loved us;" we dwell with the King because of His own sovereign good-will; He is Emmanuel, God with us.

Do you ask further: How shall we dwell with the King through all the untold hours of 1886? The answer is in the words of St. Paul: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," which is another way of saying, we live in Christ when we believe that He lives in us. Simple, is it not? Simple as the A. B. C. of the new year, and like those mysterious little characters, capable of all the permutations possible to the sorrows, the experiences, the exigencies, of its three hundred and sixty-five days.

Suffer, then, the word of exhortation, O Beloved! Cease from struggles after states and emotions, consecrations and self-immolations, and for this one year, at least, see how sweet it is simply to believe in Emmanuel. So shall you through all its days and hours "dwell with the King," and dwell there "for His work." Not your work, but His; and His work is always a variation on the little word "Come;" "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good;" "Come see a man;" "Come, for He calleth thee;" "Come, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come to Jesus."

Sweet, easy word to say, and capable of infinite expansion in the saying. Whether said in the pulpit or on paper, or acted in the homely details of daily life, it is still the saying of this "Come" which constitutes the "work" for which we dwell with the King.

Be up and doing, then, in these early hours of 1886. There are only

—days left in which to say that beautiful word "Come;" but there is all eternity in which to realize the glorious truth of Emmanuel.

### THE PEOPLE MUST HELP THEMSELVES.

BY REV. W. L. GILL.

When we set about to devise and project in the line of a Christian sociology, hope is stilled and zeal is often frozen by the reflection that the very thing and the only thing that can help the people, is also the very thing which cannot help them—because it will not have a chance, at least for a good while to come. That thing is, the action of the people themselves in accordance with sociological laws. They are like the unreformed man who allowed he had an excellent wife who was able to keep him straight if he would follow her advice. If the people would learn to obey their better nature, they would gradually become masters of the situation. That is the only condition; but that condition is absolutely imperative. Here is the only difficulty, and this difficulty is great by their lack of self-control, which makes the masses the slaves and dupes of the stronger; and more cunning, and leads them to waste instead of utilizing their resources, and to allow others to use them for their worst of ends, which is especially exemplified in liquor-dealers and their victims. There is no help or hope for the people except so far as they can be induced and qualified to help themselves by learning and following the laws by which industry is regulated, developed and rewarded. This is the one only method and line of success. Their help is in their own brain and heart. In virtue of and in proportion to their own advanced rational and moral power, they must and will determine all the social issues now pending.

With the masses of the people as they have been and still are, there are two insurmountable obstacles in the way of attaining the highest social and industrial advantages: They cannot get just and proper laws and regulations enacted; and so far as they are enacted, they cannot or will not be carried out except in a provokingly imperfect way and degree. Capital will never legislate for labor except in subordination to its own interests. If capital elects or controls the legislature, it will in so doing supremely seek its own ends. In like manner it will always endeavor to manipulate in its own favor all the judicial and executive functions of government, local and general. Labor has but one way to prevent this result. It must wield a higher and stronger power, so that capital shall be compelled to compromise and fairly cooperate with labor. No reigning force will voluntarily resign its sceptre, and capital will not abdicate itself.

It is no doubt a Christian doctrine and a moral principle that the strong shall be generous to the weak and liberal to the poor. But it will be long, if ever, before this will be practically construed by the strong as enjoining them to give an equal chance to all in all the competitions of business and all the conditions and opportunities of toil and enterprise and social life and advantages. Till the average level of the people is immensely higher than it is now, charity will never teach those who have the power in their own hands to so construct the machinery of social and public life and industry that they will no longer have the social and legal power to make the rest of men their servants and virtual slaves. Nor will it practically teach wealth to employ its capital for the benefit of labor in a just repression of itself. Oh, no! never hope for that, ye people. Put not your trust in princes of the commercial world, any more than in the political world. If the masses ever rise, they must raise themselves. They shall have all they can conquer, retain and utilize, and nothing more; and as it is gained, it must be retained. This is the primary law of social industry; and it is written on every page of history. The people must read it and learn it by heart. They have always had and always will have, all (and no more than) they are able, in virtue of their own intelligence and moral worth, to se-

cure and improve of the products of human industry. They must practically learn the moral secret of debarring the rich from appropriating an undue proportion of the profits of their common labor and its former products now used as capital. When they have done this, the rich and poor meet together under the conviction that the Lord is the Maker of them all.

This is not to be so construed as to deny or disparage the right or the advantage of industrial guilds, associations and unions, and political combination and action as citizens. We have no sympathy with those who would divest the people of the power and privileges which normally belong to them as social beings with interests in common and as members of the body politic. The proper and energetic use of all these forces is a part of the self-help to which the people are called. These forces are useless or dangerous and deleterious except so far as we rightly understand how to wield them for the attainment of the real and proper issues at stake. All forms of force must and will be used by all parties, and those who use them most wisely will reap the greatest advantage.

In urging the absolute necessity on the part of the people of self-reliance and of mastering the situation for themselves, we have no disposition to discourage any one, or to insinuate that there will not be good and able men among the rich and fortunate who will espouse the cause of the people and work for them with great effect, as they always have done, and with increasing numbers and power and steadiness in later times. But even these can be of service only so far as the people rise in intellectual power and moral worth, and thence use well and wisely the forces of nature and society.

### LETTER FROM MOSCOW.

BY REV. AMOS E. LAWRENCE.

We came on here two days ago from St. Petersburg, four hundred miles to the north, traveling by night and making the journey in fourteen hours. We slept in an American Pullman car in our own compartment, were bowled along over a firmly built and well-laid road, and reached this famous capital at eleven in the morning. The route is southeast, across one of Russia's interminable, monotonous plains, as treeless as the ocean, and almost as houseless, unrelieved by any pleasing picture—no mountains, no rocks, no dashing brooks, but an endless grassy plain stretching to the horizon on all sides. There are cities to the right and left of the line, and one cannot help asking why the engineers did not carry the road to meet them, as Yankee thrift certainly would have done. The engineers in this case did canvass the matter; but when they went to the Car with their doubts, laying the map before him, the imperial will made short work of the matter. He brushed aside their doubts, laid a rule on the map, and dashed a line from city to city, said, "There's the line of your road; build it;" and now the locomotive flies over the route straight as the ball from a rifle.

Our first impressions of the Car's southern capital were not very inspiring. The streets are short, narrow, ill-paved and dirty; the buildings low, stuccoed and shabby. The shops, as a rule, are cramped, dingy, hardly more than blind holes through the wall. A few of the better streets have been Europeanized, but there is really nowhere any approach to street architecture, and a large percent of the dwelling-houses are low, one-story stuccoed boxes, looking much as if they had been transported with yard and stable from the country. The smells are—very pronounced, and not such as, according to Shakespeare, floated from Cleopatra's barge when she came out to meet Mark Antony. Indeed, our English doctor, who came on with his family day before yesterday, has already got his fill of them, and says they shall be off to-night. But he is making a mistake. He should see the city, as we have now done, from the Sparrow Hills—the point from which Napoleon got his first view of the city—and he would have carried away a very different impression from that with which he is now leaving it. The Russians say—and I suppose believe—that when Napoleon from this spot caught his first glimpse of his holy city, he was overcome by its grandeur and beauty, and fell helpless to the ground. It is just possible that something of this story may be ascribed to national pride, and we are permitted, I suppose, to make modest abatement from it. But no one who gets his impressions of Moscow from the Sparrow Hills, will soon lose them, or wish to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the Muscovite is readily explained, if not

justified. The city's countless towers, thousands of domes, blue, red, silver, green and gold, standing thick like gaudy flowers in a garden, the great fortress of the Kremlin with its palaces and churches, and the gleaming Moskva running at the base of its high old walls, all make a picture most unique and impressive; and seen, as we saw it yesterday, in the mellow light of a setting sun, it stirs the emotions too deeply to be ever forgotten.

But, per contra, the road from the city gates to the hamlet where one's offered this glorious view, is about the most execrable I ever saw. One marvels that the autocrat should leave his, for if he would but sell one almost any one, of fifty thousand dollars he owns, he could macadamize the whole distance, and win the everlasting gratitude and benediction of all the horses in Moscow. A blessing, by the way, by no means to be contemned; for horses in Russia, like grass in England, are an institution. They are splendid fellows, and an old hack among them is about as rare a thing as a white crow. The carriage that brought us from the station to our hotel was drawn by splendid grays, spirited, well-fed, faultlessly groomed fellows, and driven at a dashing rate four abreast. The Russian loves a good horse, and even that garbage cart over yonder, like every other in the city, is drawn by a horse a Boston lady would willingly promote to the dignity of her carriage. You see none, anywhere, to remind you of the appalling New York swill-cart, who lug and groan of buying cheap half-dollar horses, and who said he meant to make a raise in his next purchase and go up to seventy-five cents. These fine horses have a very easy and natural connection with one of the national traits of the people; for the Russian is a lazy fellow, who will never run when he can walk, never walk when he can ride, and never sit when he can lie down. I have been three days in the city, one of which was Sunday, and I have yet to see the first well-dressed Russian, man or woman, on foot in the streets.

Of course we have been to the Kremlin. The morning we arrived I strolled up there and passed in through the St. Nicholas gate—like my great predecessor, Napoleon, who went first into the Kremlin through this gate, and, as the Russians take good care you shall remember, went out of it again, some weeks later, with a very big file in his car. There is a speaking reminder of this pleasant little incident that confronts the visitor immediately on his right as he enters. For here stands the old arsenal, and along its walls, in the open court, in a double tier, no fewer than 875 brass cannon, that Napoleon somehow or other thought best to leave behind him when he set out to revisit Paris after his pleasure trip to Russia in 1812.

Now I am not about to burden you, nor take my time, to tell you of all the wonders of this most wondrous Kremlin. As Mrs. Hunt, widow of our ambassador, said to me before I left home, to visit the Kremlin alone is worth a trip across the Atlantic. We have seen it—and if the conventional phrase was ever warranted, this is the place to apply it. Last Sunday, as usual, was high market day. The great square under our window was filled with a motley crowd of peasants, who had come in from the country with their produce—their loads of savory garlic and onions—and dressed, themselves, in their savory sheep-skins and odorous under-flannels, innocent of soap and water since they were first put on, and suggestive of Jack Falstaff's ride in his basket of linen. They are all emancipated serfs—living monuments of the autocratic will, the prodigious energy, and the beneficence of the present emperor's father (?), Alexander II., who gave their freedom to forty millions of them in 1861—almost exactly contemporaneous with the culmination in war of our own troubles on the slaves' account. They are a savage looking crew, generally, and all those villainous-faced drivers on that long row of droshkies are samples of them. I am not prepared to speak of the effects of emancipation on the nation at large, for I have not been out among the freedmen, and could not talk with them if I had. But that the result has been good, both on the serfs and on their old proprietors, is, I believe, universally admitted, and under the operation of the act of emancipation this vast mass of rude and uneducated barbarism is slowly rising in wealth, intelligence and self-respect. The influence on the old noblesse is hardly less significant, and was well summarized by the saying of one of them that "formerly we kept no accounts and drank champagne; now we keep accounts and content ourselves with beer." Drinking is the traditional virtue of the Russian, and intemperance almost universal, it is said, among priests, peasants and nobles. In fact, it is encouraged, we were told, by the priests, from the fact that the church has a monopoly in the manufacture of the national intoxicating drink, and their revenue depends on the sale—as Gladstone's in England depends on the beer. Tobacco is much more limited in its use, and this, too, through the powerful influence of the church; for to smoke it

is a departure from every sound principle of church and state. You remember how the great Peter attempted for commercial reasons to force the abhorred article on a reluctant nation; and cannot have forgotten the question he put to one of his brandy-drinking ecclesiastics: "Is it any more wicked to smoke tobacco than to drink brandy?"

"Yes," was the perfectly conclusive answer, "for is it not said, 'Not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of a man, defileth him'?" Even Peter's iron will failed on the tobacco question. He was forced to abandon the attempt, and his treasury, from that source, derived but the smallest amount of revenue. The bearded and whiskered faces all around me here bristle full of evidence that he was hardly less successful in another of his attempted reforms. You remember his war on beards; that he wore none himself, got it off the faces of all his courtiers and ministers, and essayed to rob the peasants, and even the priests, of their pet treasure. But he failed. "Flowing locks and magnificent beards are still the distinguishing glory of the clergy." To the peasants a compromise was permitted. They must shave—but they might keep their glorious beards to be buried with them, fearing lest without them they "should not be recognized in the gates of heaven."

Do you ask about Nihilism? What is it? How wide? I don't know; who does? I know no more about it here—or very little more—than I did at home when I attempted years ago to write something about it and gave it up. I am not one of those, however, who believe that it is very widely spread. The 40,000,000 freed by Alexander twenty-five years ago, may fairly be presumed loyal, bound by gratitude to the Czar, and deeply imbued, moreover, with the ancient and hereditary spirit of religious awe of him, and reverence of him as the holy head of the holy church of Russia—a hereditary veneration surpassing that of the Western church for the Pope at Rome; a veneration that led all Russia to accept him as the true representative of God on earth. These 40,000,000 are no inconsiderable part of Russia's population, vast as it is, and Nihilism, I must believe, finds very little favor among them. The aims of these revolutionists are, no doubt, deadly, and they plant the poor Czar's pillow full of thorns. They plainly seek the subversion, or the entire destruction rather, of the existing order of things, and avowedly seek the Emperor's life, as they sought, and took, that of his father. We saw in St. Petersburg a few days ago the wrecked carriage in which he rode on the day of his death, shattered and splintered by the bomb from the assassin's hand. "Thank God!" said the Emperor, springing to the ground, "I have escaped." "No," said the Nihilist, "it's too soon to thank God; it isn't done yet," at the same moment throwing a second bomb, killing the Emperor and blowing his murderer into fragments. If such was the fate of Alexander, who had, out of love to his people, braved the anger of the nobles in liberating forty millions of slaves, what better can his son hope for from the same men? A young Russian with whom I talked in St. Petersburg said they were fully determined on his death, and it was only a matter of time when he too, would be taken care of. And this is not because he is a bad ruler; for this he certainly is not; but because he is the representative of a false and antiquated system. It is this system that puts the gallant sceptre into the monarch's hand; and they who feel its weight, and are intelligent enough to see the cause, resent the oppression and will resist it. "There are only two proper governments in the world," said Alexander II. to Mr. Buchanan, the American minister, "mine and yours—either an autocrat, or a democracy." The Nihilists repudiate the first, and are aiming, perhaps, to bring in the other by dynamite and bombs. The police, of course, are everywhere, and on the watch. Every stranger is at once spotted and "shadowed." Our minister's card and our American passports were sufficient to open for us the doors of the Winter Palace, while our English friends found them closed against them. London was too near to St. Petersburg, and too near a harbor for the Nihilists.

### Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

Even Satan Should Weep.—If Satan could laugh, he would spit his sides at the mismatching of modern marriage. —Richmond Christian Advocate.

Is This Poking Fun?—The only one does that one student—the only one— at Danville Theological Seminary charge per month for his services? —Interior.

Are There Many "Peevish Infants?"—The unsettled man unsettles all around him. He is like a peevish infant whose imaginary ailments make a household miserable. Will he please cease being a peevish baby in the church of God? He is too big for tender handling, and we have other occupations than soothing his meaningless and idiotic grief. —Northeastern Christian Advocate.

This is Stupendous.—The college of the apostles has increased in numbers till to-day it is represented by all the bishops of the world, except the so-called Methodist and Mormon bishops. —Living Church.

Is This Charge True?—It is coming to be the shame and disgrace of our jury system that its criminal lawyers can shield almost any murderer provided he has sufficient money to pay for the use of their talent. —Advocate.

The Important Question.—The important question to ask about an idea is, not whether it is new, but whether it is true. Principles are old, or would be if they were not blessed with eternal youth. Some things are very new, and very false. —Northern Christian Advocate.

Too Bad This Is True.—Men shun contact with religion as long as they can do without it, and feel awkward or ashamed at seeming to court it when it is the only help left that is available to them. —Caledonia Witness.

A Very Bad Nature Indeed!—Pity the individual who can see nothing good in others, who is always picking out flaws and follies, who attributes every good work done by others to selfish motives. Such a person must have an intensely bad nature by the standard of which he measures his fellows. —Michigan Christian Advocate.

The Right Kind of Grace.—"Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" was the question lately put to Mr. Moody, who answered in the negative. "Do you not wish that you had?" "No, sir, for I do not need it. I need now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a convention." Rarely has Mr. Moody made a more sensible reply. —Unitarianist.

This is When They Hold It in England.—All England is holding Thanksgiving services in its churches and chapels. America still waits for the time of storm and sleet and snow, and when Indian Summer, after filling the whole country with smoke from his pipe of dried golden-rod, asters and fringed gentians, has left the country. —Christian at Work.

This is When We Ought to Have It in America.—Thanksgiving ought to be held in the middle of October. As will be noticed in a summary among the "Piths," in reply to an inquirer, the Puritans held it after the ingathering of the Indian corn, which was the crop on which they mostly relied. From the earliest times the festive days of giving were held at a season when it was pleasant to be out-of-doors. —Interior.

Come to the Surface.—It reads like romance, but it is none the less true, that the type of Janus Grell, the anti-semitic paper, the *Volksblatt*, which was thrown into the river at St. Cloud, Minn., by a mob, in 1858, has been found by workmen constructing a dam at that place. The face of the type, it is said, is as bright as new, and the people are holding these relics of the past as a prized possession. —Central Christian Advocate.

No Markets in Heaven.—Man does not come to his best in the marketplace. Traffic is terrestrial, but the best thing in human nature is not terrestrial. Man's highest relationship is to the invisible, the spiritual, and the eternal. There are no markets in heaven, and it is important, but is not the supreme end of man. —Morrison.

The Mormon Problem.—Congress would certainly render a service of incalculable value to Utah, and indeed to the whole country, the commissioners say, if it would devise some measure whereby these misguided people could be brought out from under this thralldom, which has so warped their minds and their consciences that a crime committed in the name of religion is considered by them a duty and a blessing equally to those who commit it and those who aid, abet or defend its commission. —New York Observer.

Ministers Ahead as Usual.—Investigations in longevity made in England, taking 1,000 as the standard of comparison of the mortality of all men over 25 and under 65, give surprising results. The clergy stand at the head, 556; next are gardeners and nurserymen, 599; then farmers and graziers, 631; then farm laborers, 701; coal miners, 773; while copper and tin miners rise to 1,339; inn-keepers, spirit, wine, and beer dealers and saloon keepers, 1,521; brewers, 1,361; inn and hotel servants are the shortest lived of all, their rate being 2,265. —Christian Advocate.

His Saints do Not Help Him.—Colonel Ingersoll says that his "saints" are Kepler, Galileo, Bruno, Herschel and Haeckel. Is it so? Kepler thanks God for the discovery of his three great laws. Galileo was a devout Christian, though in weakness he recanted a scientific theory of whose truth he was persuaded. Bruno was burned at the stake, alas! As to Haeckel—well, he never attempted to galvanize into being a mythical, fraudulent Miguel Abeytia, as Colonel Ingersoll did! Colonel Ingersoll may acknowledge his saints, but none of his saints, we have reason to believe, would acknowledge Colonel Ingersoll. —Christian at Work.

Severe Arraignment of the Secular Press.—Seductions, betrayals, elopements, adulteries, divorces, suicides—all these, to say nothing of numberless other crimes, are paraded with a disgusting array of incident and circumstance before the eyes of the young, and given a prominence which assumes that they will be eagerly received, while horse races, base ball contests, prize fights, and even dog-fights are reported at length and without condemnation. The precincts of home are invaded by the omnipresent interviewer, and the right of the individual to keep his own secrets is persistently denied. Matters which concern only the very small circle of individuals directly interested are eagerly sought out, inquired into and published to all the world. A good part of the enterprise of the journalism of the present day is the zeal of impertinence—an effort to give to the public what it has no right to know. —Northern Christian Advocate.





By the contrast of the two debtors, one of whom owed fifty and the other one hundred pence, our Lord certainly did not mean to teach that Simon was in that proportion less a sinner than the weeping woman. It is quite possible that Simon's haughty, pharisaic pride weighed as heavily in the scale of divine judgment as the heathen life of the woman. But the parable gives the estimate which the two placed upon their own sins. Doubtless the Pharisee admitted that, though a Jew, he was yet a sinner, but not such a sinner as that weeping, worshipping gentle woman, who, having seen herself in the light of Christ's teaching, was conscience-stricken that she saw little else but sin in herself and forgiving love in Him whose feet she washed.

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### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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A unique and somewhat remarkable gathering occurred in Boston last Wednesday. The Merchants' Association of the city, which is unpolitical in its character, gave a rich banquet to a number of the members of both Houses of Congress, connected with both the great political parties, at the Vendome. Their guests were brought on from Washington in a special train, receiving every possible attention on the way. They were invited both to visit the city

open before the Christian Church. It is an immense field, full of obstacles, but under the divine Spirit "white for the harvest." What are the best modes for availing ourselves of native helpers? How much money should be expended in the development of local stations and of education? What is the best way to reach self-aid, and what are the best methods of subsidies to mission churches? All these questions are of vital importance, and require for their discussion, wisdom, experience, and divine guidance. We have read, we trust not without profit, the tract of Rev. C. H. Carpenter, of the Baptist Mission, in which he has sharply criticised the policy of his own Board, and indirectly that of other societies, in the present policy of bestowing large sums for a long period upon local missions and

The National Temperance Society will issue, in a few weeks, a volume of great interest. It will be entitled "One Hundred Years of Temperance," and will embody the very valuable papers prepared for the late Centennial Conference held in the city of Philadelphia last September. The volume will cover the whole history of the reform, in all its departments, and will be a treasure-house of information and inspiration for pulpit and platform speakers, and of great interest to all intelligent friends of the cause. B. B. Russell, 57 Cornhill, will have the general agency of the work in this vicinity, and will be glad to employ good agents in its circulation.

The next thing to taking the paper in the coming year, is a handsome and pathetic apol-

favorable notice of "Garrison's Life," by Rev. J. W. Chadwick; a tender and very appropriate tribute to the late Dr. Rufus Ellis; a sharp and characteristic paper from Dr. Baileton on "The Pantheistic Panacea;" an apology, by Rev. J. H. Allen, for the position taken, on the Pacific coast, by our government, in reference to the Chinese; and a warm notice of the late Prof. Agassiz and his "Life" by his wife.

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A. C. Armstrong & Son issue, with the opening of the year, the new *Princeton Review*. It will be issued every other month in New York and in London, under the editorial supervision of Prof. William M. Sloane, of Princeton College. It is not intended to be a denominational or church organ, or to devote

continue every evening  
were received into the  
day.

*City Point, South*  
Tilton publishes a  
called the *City Point*  
her contains an in-  
church, and many  
news.

*Auburndale.*—Pri-  
sried, at the close of  
week, by being addi-  
sical director at L.  
grateful regard, pro-  
watch—the gift of  
their beloved leader.  
Jan. 6.

self specially to theological topics, but will be a broad, literary, philosophical, political, scientific and religious magazine of a high order. The proprietors have secured a remarkable list of leading writers in all these departments, for the successive issues. The first number makes a fine appearance. It is published on a broad octavo page, with good margins and clear type. There are one hundred and fifty-two pages. This number opens with a paper by Charles Dudley Warner upon "Society in the New South." The other contributions are: "What an American Philosophy Should Be," by Dr. McCosh; "The Christian Conception of Property," by Dr. C. H. Parkhurst; "Lunar Problems now under Debate," by Prof. C. A. Young; "The Poetic Colonies," by Prof. John Bach McMaster; "Monsieur Mottet," with editorial, criticisms, notes and reviews. The new periodical starts off well, and gives ample reason for its existence. We heartily bid it Godspeed. \$3 a year. 714 Broadway, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for January has a fine full-length portrait of Sir Henry Thompson, from a painting of Milais. Its contributions are: A story by Wilkie Collins, entitled, "The Poetry Did It;" Rev. Alfred Ambrist contributes an illustrated article upon "Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire;" "Witnessed by Two," by Mrs. Molesworth; the first part of an interesting illustrated paper upon "A Month in Sicily," by H. D. Trail; the continued story of "Aunt Rachel;" "An Hundred Years Ago," illustrated, by Rev. W. Benham, B. D.; and "Gretina Green Revisited," by J. M. Barni. New York City. \$1.75.

An intelligent friend found himself devoting too much of his time to periodical literature. He must draw the line somewhere, and so he drew it at *Littell's Living Age*, and limits his literary perusal to the weekly issues of this excellent magazine, and finds himself up with the last and best utterances of the foreign quarters. This substantial periodical has now reached its 167th quarterly volume, and was never more devoutly appreciated by its many patrons. Its new year commences with a fine list of fresh topics, and gives ample promise of a rich series of issues during the year. Now is the hour for new subscriptions. 31 Bedford St., Boston.

#### Attention!

The readers of the HERALD have from time to time noticed appeals in behalf of the Woman's Home Missionary Society; and in the issue of Dec. 9 is an urgent appeal from Bishop Mallahan, in behalf of our Southern preachers and families in the South and Southwest. Here is a case where failure to respond to calls for help proceeds from inability, not yet especially from stinginess, but is rather due to thoughtlessness, or to indisposition to exertion.

The W. H. M. S. appeals for cast-off clothing, including table utensils, dried fruit, and things that are useful in any home, to be gathered from closets, chests and garrets, where lies very much that is of little or no use to us, but would be most gladly welcomed by the suffering families of our preachers doing heroic work in the South and on the frontier.

The writer has had the pleasure of heading these appeals twice in the year 1885; and in each case has found hearts ready to respond. From a heart sent to Arkansas last winter help was afforded to one minister, who until then had had no overcoat since joining the Conference, and to another who had expected to be unable, for lack of a coat, to attend the approaching session of his Conference, and was most grateful for the glad disappointment. Bishop Mallahan, in the appeal above mentioned, instances a preacher of more than usual ability who has no overcoat, while his wife and children are destitute of shoes.

Brethren of the several New England Conferences! If these cases are in our own or adjoining churches, we should not be guiltless if we paid no heed. Shall we now, if we pass by on the other side, while our self-sacrificing home missionaries and their families suffer for what a little exertion on our part will secure?

Will we not very soon (for the cold weather is here) mention the matter from the pulpit; request the people to bring their bundles to our parsonages, or to some convenient and designated place; ourselves give as we can; and then forward the gifts in barrels or boxes to a suitable destination in the West or South, or to J. P. Magee, who will care for them? There is not a charge in the six New England Conferences from which gifts might not thus be sent; the givers being none the poorer, and the recipients being much benefited.

The matter rests with the preachers. If they will attend to it, the work will be done. My conviction of the need is such that I, for one, cannot refuse to heed the request and yet remain guiltless.

Goods can be forwarded, prepaid, to James P. Magee, 38 Broad St., Boston, who will further forward them to a suitable destination; or a note to Mrs. J. L. Whitstone, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio (general superintendent Department of Supplies, W. H. M. S.), giving general description of the contents of the box or barrel to be sent, will bring direction to what address to forward.

Response to these appeals, many of which are truly pitiable, will cost in money merely the small amount required to pay freight to destination, or in case goods are sent to J. P. Magee, freight to Boston; and in many cases the railroad companies will transport free of charge. A. H. HERRICK.

#### The Churches.

##### MASSACHUSETTS.

**Boston Preachers' Meeting.**—The monthly class-meeting occupied half the morning session. A partial report from several churches was received on postal cards, and will be published next week. Rev. L. B. Bates delivered an able address on reaching the non-church-going people with the Gospel. It was full of practical suggestions for preachers and laymen.

**Saratoga St., East Boston.**—Isaiah Whitten, an aged member, secretary of the board of trustees from the beginning of the church, died of paralysis of the heart, aged 72 years, on the first day of January.

**Meridian Street, East Boston.**—Watch-meeting was held in the Bethel from 8 to 12 M. There was a full house. At 11:30, Rev. L. B. Bates, the pastor, preached. Twelve said, "Prayer for us." Gospel meetings will continue every evening of January. Ten were received into full membership last Sunday.

**City Point, South Boston.**—Rev. Charles Tilton publishes a very neat monthly paper called the *City Point Beacon*. The first number contains an interesting history of the church, and many items of local church news.

**Auburndale.**—Principal Bragdon was surprised, at the close of the pupils' concert last week, by being addressed by Mr. Hills, musical director at Lowell, who, in words of grateful regard, presented an elegant gold watch—the gift of the pupils and teachers to their beloved leader. The next term opens Jan. 6.

**Cambridge, Trinity.**—A pleasant feature of the children's Christmas service was the offering of all that came, of apples, potatoes, oranges, onions, grapes, doughnuts, and loaves of cake, as their tokens of admission to the Christmas feast. The boxes and barrels thus filled by the children were emptied again by a committee, who distributed the gifts to needy families, and the children had the benefit of that charity which is twice blessed.

**Salemville.**—Rev. W. H. Daniels has been conducting union Gospel meetings in the Methodist Church for two weeks. Over fifty presented themselves at the altar last Sunday evening. The meeting continued three hours, and it was difficult to dismiss the people. Revs. Stevens and Virgin, pastors of the Congregational and Methodist Churches, heartily support the evangelist, and great good is being done.

**Springfield, State St.**—Christmas Sunday, Rev. Dr. Rockwell spoke first to the children, and then to the adults. His subject was, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, and then spoke to the parents on 'the mystery and glory of the incarnation.'" Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston University, preached in the First Congregational Church, on "What think ye of Christ?"

**Trinity Church** had a Sunday-school Christmas concert exercise called "The Son of Man." Prof. Wm. North Rice delivered an address.

**Grace Church.**—Rev. Charles F. Rice, of Lowell, preached in the morning from Isaiah's prophecy, "Unto us a child is born," etc.

**Brookfield.**—The Christmas tree service was very interesting. A free supper was given in the vestry, at the close of which the superintendent, Bro. Levi Sherman, made an excellent address, followed by remarks from the pastor, and the distribution of gifts to the children and teachers. The pastor, Rev. J. Capen, and his family were kindly remembered.

**Granvilleville.**—A missionary service was held Dec. 13, conducted by Rev. J. H. Thompson. The million-dollar line was raised.

**Wilbraham.**—The school term of the Academy has opened well, with about 235 students.

**Byfield.**—The pastor was surprised by a visit from members of his society, who gave him substantial evidence of the love entertained for him. A presentation poem written by Miss Thompson was recited by a little girl of ten years, Miss Lucy Burrill.

**Gardner.**—A refreshing work of grace has been in progress all the autumn. The pastor has been assisted in special services by Bros. Johnson and Gardner. The first Sabbath in December will be long remembered as of special interest. The entire morning service was devoted to a love-feast. In the afternoon over forty were received on probation, seven were baptized, and five were received into full communion.

**Granville.**—A union Christmas tree service was held. Many gifts were distributed, that gladdened the heart. Rev. J. Wood, the Methodist pastor, was the recipient of an elegant fur overcoat.

**South Framingham.**—Rev. Wm. Full, the pastor, is closing his term of three years with this church grandly. The Sunday-school, under the new superintendent, T. W. Barrell, is very flourishing, new scholars being added weekly; and every department, financial and spiritual, is in a most encouraging condition.

**Grace, Ware.**—An excellent concert from Grace Church choir, under the lead of the chorister, Mr. A. Clifford, and netted \$50 to the church treasury. The recent fair in Mechanics Hall was conducted in a very harmonious and successful manner, and netted over \$600. The last Sabbath in November, the pastor raised the balance needed to pay the entire expenses of the year. Bro. C. H. Carpenter has been again re-elected superintendent of the Sunday-school. Under his able management the school has grown to 525 members, and has flourishing Chinese and Armenian classes. The harvest and Christmas concerts were attended by overflowing houses, and were seasons of special interest. A recent series of sermons to workmen has done good.

**Fall River.**—Allow me to inform your correspondent in Fall River that there is really no English Salvation Army in this city, but the one so called is the original army, whose chief officer is Rev. William Booth; and this Army has been the means of converting several hundred in this city that could not be brought under church influence. If your correspondent would attend their meetings, and hear the scores of reformed drunkards and others give their experience, he would have less prejudice and be willing to be disturbed a little once in two months, to give those reformed people the privilege of marching in the streets, and in that way show to the world the stand they have taken for Christ and the cause of temperance.

##### MAINE.

**Portland District.**  
**Portland.**—The evangelical churches of Portland have arranged for an all-day union service on Thursday, Jan. 28—the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Every college and seminary in the State of the Protestant faith will be personally represented at the services. The morning session will be devoted to prayer, the presentation of the religious condition of the various institutions within the State, and to reading letters from leading New England colleges. The afternoon session will be devoted to prayer and a free interchange of opinions upon the needs and possibilities of the hour. The evening session will be devoted to address by some of the leading educators of the State. It is hoped that the movement will result in placing the colleges more fully upon the minds and hearts of Christians, in drawing the teachers and young people into closer sympathy with the churches, and above all in bringing a divine blessing upon all for whose benefit the day and services are appointed.

**Gorham, N. H.**—Bro. Hasenbury has just returned from a season of revival in the city of Portland, where he was baptized, and quite a number will join the church. During the nearly three years of Bro. M.'s pastorate, the church has constantly put on strength, and is looking out hopefully for the future.

**South Standish and Buxton** are moving forward, and Bro. Freeman is encouraged by the return of wanderers and increasing interest among the members.

**Baldwin and Hiram.**—At the quarterly meeting the pastor showed a good condition of things numerically, financially, and spiritually. The whole of the money necessary to build a chapel at Hiram has been pledged, and the people are ready to go to work. Bro. Barber has greatly improved the parsonage lot by surrounding it with a neat new fence. He has also succeeded in building a row of sheds to shelter the horses of the people who come from a distance to worship.

**Bowery Branch.**—Bro. Turner has baptized two and received four into full membership. Last Sabbath, Dec. 27, one rose and requested the prayers of the church.

**Ferry Village.**—Last Sabbath, Dec. 27, one requested prayers.

**Chebeague.**—As reported a short time since, instead of seven, eight were received into full membership. Instead of six baptized, it should have been seven.

On Monday, Dec. 21, about twenty-four preachers met and listened to Bro. C. Munger's lecture on "Infidel Myths Respecting the New Testament."

On Monday, Dec. 28, at the Ministers' Meeting at Chestnut St., Dr. Bashford introduced for discussion a Creed he has prepared for the special use of children, giving the cardinal doctrines of the Bible in brief form, and altogether in Bible language. W. S. J.

The people of North Yarmouth presented their pastor, Rev. George Holt, with a new hall-church sofa, for which he desires to express his thanks. One was received into full membership last Sabbath.

Rev. J. R. Masterman, of Solon, is seeing the results of his faithful labors in the conversion of souls. Twenty-one have sought the Lord, fourteen have been received on probation, and an old run-down class has been revived.

Rev. Walter Canham reports a decided advance all along the line on Oakdale. The finances are in a good condition, a steady increase is reported in the congregations and Sunday-school, and additions have been made to the church.

The revival at Vienna continues with unabated interest. Over thirty have sought and obtained pardon for sins. A delightful Christmas service was held at North Vienna, Christmas eve.

Bro. Laughton, assisted by Rev. J. P. Cole, has been holding a series of revival meetings at West Phillips. The church is being quickened, and sinners are seeking the Lord.

Two Christmas services were enjoyed on the West Durham church—one at North Pownall, and one at West Durham. The exercises were first-class and greatly enjoyed by the people. The pastor, Rev. G. G. Powers, and wife, were generously remembered.

The Methodist and Congregational churches at Winthrop commenced a series of revival meetings under the direction of the Bailey Praying Band one week Monday evening, and the Lord is pouring out his Spirit upon the community. The Bailey Band is a power for good.

The society at East Readfield showed their appreciation of their pastor, Rev. C. R. Jenness, by many Christmas presents, and was a generous sum of money.

Quite a large class of young men and young ladies have been brought into the church at Augusta in the series of meetings just held by the pastor. The third year is Bro. Bradley's best year at Augusta.

The watch-night services at Gardiner were of the old-style type, and full of the power of God. At the close, two sought Christ, one of whom has been an avowed infidel; but the new year opened for him with faith in God, and in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. It was a wonderful triumph of grace. The young converts are of the amen-corner type.

An interesting watch-night service was held at Pine St. Church, Portland, with a large attendance. Dr. Clark is enjoying prosperity and seeing a great improvement in the church.

The Christmas and semi-centennial service at Strong was a season of rare interest. Bro. W. F. Farrington, who was pastor at Strong more than fifty years ago, was present, and entertained the people with interesting reminiscences of the far past of Methodism in this vicinity, when his circuit comprised the whole of Franklin County.

Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D. D., spent last Sabbath, Jan. 3, in the Portland churches, in the interest of the Freedman's Aid Society.

The Congress St. Methodist Church, Portland, was saved from destruction by fire last week by the timely efforts of a man whom Providence had on hand in the time of its peril. It is supposed that the fire was set by some evil-minded person.

##### VERMONT.

Christmas has come to be so generally observed now, that it would be easier to tell where there were any no exercises than where there were any. At Hartland, Bro. O. W. Barrows and family were kindly remembered, for which they wish to return many thanks; and at Montpelier, Bro. T. P. Frost and family were overwhelmed with the offerings of their people. Bro. Frost received a valuable coat-skin overcoat, and one of the most beautiful and elaborately-constructed "crazy quilt," besides many articles of less value.

At Barton Landing, Bro. L. Dodd has received fifty persons on probation and baptized thirty-six during his pastorate, which closes by limitation next spring. Considerable has been done towards paying up the debts on the church property; a Sunday-school has been organized at Evansville, an out-appointment, and Bro. Dodd has reason for devout thanksgiving.

Bro. W. R. Puffer has gone to Michigan to visit his son, William, who is pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Grand Rapids.

At West Fairlee Bro. J. Hamilton is pushing his work with energy. At the centre of the town, where he supplies a Congregational church, a good work of grace is in progress. Several have manifested a desire to be Christians; and he has put in several extra meetings, with encouraging results.

Bro. W. S. Smithers baptized four persons at Stockbridge a week ago, with some signs of encouragement at Pittsfield.

Bros. Webb, of Woodstock, Frost, of Montpelier, and Bruce, of Bradford, have been visiting Bro. A. J. Hough at White River Junction in extra meetings. The church seems in fine working condition, and it is hoped a good work may prevail.

At West Berlin Bro. A. G. Austin has been holding extra meetings with some interesting results. Bro. Austin narrowly escaped sudden death at a railroad crossing a few evenings ago. The usual whistle was neglected until at the crossing, and there being a deep cut and a cinder bed, the train ran into it. Bro. A. did not see the train until they came together at the crossing. As it was too late to get across, his only alternative was to turn his horse in the direction the train was going and roll himself into the snow. He escaped unhurt. The horse started down beside the track, and as soon as the train passed him, he took the track and followed after, passing through a long covered bridge on which there is no planking, keeping almost up to the train for nearly a mile, when he gave up the chase, and was caught without any damage whatever to himself. The body of the sleigh was demolished by the train at the crossing on the first start, showing how narrow and yet how marvelous was the escape. Bro. Austin's scarcely knew for awhile whether he was "in the body or out of the body," as he tumbled into the snow. Surely, the Heavenly Father "giveth His angels charge concerning" them He loves.

A parsonage has been built at Williamsville, chiefly through the generosity of the late Roxana Williams. It is now completed, and Bro. F. D. Handy, the pastor, moved into it two weeks ago.

Bro. E. Snow, of Franklin, has been made to feel that his people appreciate his services.

An oyster supper for his benefit netted \$85; and \$50 have been presented him in the "Barr district," an out-appointment. These amounts with a fur coat worth \$50, make a total donation of \$165, which is, we understand, a real donation, and is not to be counted on salary.

Bro. W. J. Johnson of Springfield, gave a lecture on temperance at the town hall in Grafton a few evenings ago. H. A. S.

##### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Gleanings.**—At the suggestion of Dr. Warren, of Boston University, Rev. W. L. Gill is writing a series of "pastoral prayers," which, it is thought, is something much needed; and which, if issued, will be used by many in their private devotions in giving expression to their various hopes, fears, joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs. He has written a work on metaphysics, that will appear in the spring.

The audience-room of the church in Keene, which has been closed for several weeks for repairs, will be reopened in January. The congregation meanwhile worships in the vestry. The parsonage was recently well filled with friends of the pastor, Rev. S. C. Keller, and after a season of delightful intercourse, one of the ladies, as she retired, quietly handed the pastor, in behalf of the company, a gift of \$50. Many other valuable gifts were left in barrels and packages; and all were the more valuable, because expressive of the good-will of the people.

The *Oliveira* is the name of a neat, well-edited and readable little sheet published by the pastor of the M. E. Church at East Haverhill, N. H., Rev. W. A. Lynde, in the interest of the church; the net proceeds to be devoted to building a new fence about the church property.

A promising auxiliary W. H. M. Society was organized a few weeks ago at Haverhill St. Church, Lawrence, Rev. W. L. Gill, pastor. They report thirty members, one life member, and intend to raise \$100 and name a room in the Jacksonville Industrial Home for girls.

Sunday, Dec. 19, was a good day for the people at South Antrim. Service commenced at 9:30 A. M. with an old-fashioned love-feast, led by Rev. J. E. Robins, presiding elder.

After the sermon, the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. Five persons were received into full communion—four by letter, and one from probation. There seems to be a growing interest in church work.

At Greenland the pastor and wife were the recipients of a handsome silver ice pitcher and salver at the Christmas festival.

The Woodville chapel is nearly completed. It is described as a "gem." It is hoped that, when dedicated, like the temple of old, it may be filled with the glory of the Lord.

At Baker Memorial, Concord, Christmas was celebrated in a very pleasant manner. The children, the poor, and the minister were kindly remembered. The latter received an elegant French clock with marble frame, and was thus reminded that he must be "on time." The religious interest is excellent; the meetings are well attended; and several—mostly men—have lately sought the Lord.

In the "China Town" of Concord, there is one who has proved himself to be a most sober and industrious man. He is a regular attendant at the Baker Memorial Church and Sunday-school. He remembered his teacher, Miss Bailey, with a nice Christmas present.

Rev. O. P. Wright is having a pleasant and prosperous year at Whitefield. Twenty have been received on probation since Conference; ten baptized—among them a man more than 80 years old—and ten received into the church. The pastor lectured recently for the ladies' society of his church. The net proceeds were \$12. In the Christmas gathering the pastor and wife were generously remembered.

Bro. Wright's Sunday-school is presenting him with a gold watch and chain.

The choir of Main Street Church, Nashua, are arranging to give a concert, at the completion of the improvements mentioned some weeks ago. They will be assisted by eminent soloists from Boston and elsewhere.

At Bristol they had an oyster supper and "spell" night" recently. Rev. G. J. Jenkins was master, and Mrs. Jenkins and Rev. J. A. Bowler chose sides for the spelling. It was a very interesting occasion, and many were eager to try it again.

Dracut, a town adjoining Methuen, was, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., a preaching place; but things went down until there was nothing left, save the meeting-house. For years it has been unused, except for funeral occasions. Three years ago the great revival of Bro. Whitaker at Lowell overflowed and reached this place, when, under his direction, meetings were held, resulting in a number of conversions. When Bro. French went to Methuen, the work was placed in his charge. He has faithfully attended to it, until now it has seemed wise to form a Methodist church, which Bro. Dunning has done. It is hoped for it life until the end of time.

The *Daily Press* of Haverhill speaks very highly of the services of Rev. C. U. Dunning, at Grace Church, on the occasion of the third quarterly meeting.

The programme for the next Dover district Preachers' Meeting, at Great Falls, Feb. 9 and 10, has been received by some of the preachers. It is a stiff schedule, and we will be required to wrestle with "pre-cillian and post-cillian theories," and to settle all the great questions of eschatology. We look for a good time.

The next meeting of the W. F. M. S. for Dover district will be held at Dover, Feb. 11. Mrs. Durrell is busy preparing the programme.

##### POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. G. A. Crawford, 16 Temple St., Boston, Mass.

**PORTLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.**—The next session of this Association will be held on Chestnut St. Church, Portland, Feb. 15-17. Full programme will appear next week.

**EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—The regular meeting of the Boston Evangelical Ministers' Association will be held on Monday, Jan. 11, at 10 A. M. in Wesleyan Hall. Subject, The Chinese Problem. Speakers, Rev. C. A. Pogue, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Miss Carter, etc.

W. M. L. HAYES, Secretary.

**WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—For the better information of our District Managers who are just engaging in organization, we make this statement: The salaries of officers of the W. H. M. S. of the M. E. Church are the editor and publisher of *W. H. M. S. News*, a weekly paper, and the Secretary of the Bureau of Organization, who has salary and traveling expenses when actively engaged in the work of the Society. The other officers and members of the Executive Board give their time, services and expenses.

**PROGRAMME OF THE EASTERN CONN. MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.**—To be held in No. Grosvenor Hall, Feb. 8-10, 1886. Sermon Monday evening, John Oldham, alt. C. F. Sharpe.

Tuesday, 8:30 A. M., Criticisms of the sermon of the previous evening; 9, Devotional exercises; 9:30, Essay: Do we need a New Theology? E. S. Stanley, 10:20, Essay: What is the Present Status of Temperance Legislation in the United States? G. W. Brewster; 11:30, Business; 12, Adjournment.

Tuesday, 2 P. M., Review: Letters from Hall, C. W. Holden; 3, Discussion: Is it the Province of the Pulpit to Discuss Skepticism? At. C. S. Davis; Neg. F. K. Stratton; 4, Essay: Bishop Foster and Revival Methods; F. C. Baker.

Tuesday evening, Sermon: G. W. Butler, alt. Geo. W. Wright.

Wednesday 8:30 A. M., Criticism of the sermon of Tuesday; 9:30, Essay: Creation and Evolution; A. J. Condit; 10:30, Exegesis: Parable of the Unjust Steward; D. L. Brown; 12, Adjournment.

#### THE TRUTH.

We are analyzing all the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and we hereby certify that it is practically chemically pure—testing as high as 99.95 per cent and not less than 99.50 per cent.

From a hygienic point of view we regard Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as the ideal baking powder, composed as it is of pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

**STILLWELL & GLADDING,**  
Chemists to the New York Produce Exchange.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1884.

Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, or Bone Phosphates, and it is ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ADULTERATIONS.

**Money Letters from Dec. 26 to Jan. 2.**  
J. E. Allen, O. H. Anderson, J. F. Allen, J. S. Allen, A. G. Botton, L. N. Burnell, M. Burnard, S. H. Bayley, J. W. Barker, E. Bradford, S. Beale, A. Bowley, I. A. Bean, C. B. Besse, J. A. Cole, N. A. Cobb, J. C. Chapman, M. L. Crowell, R. W. Copeland, E. C. Calkins, H. N. Donnell, A. Dunham, J. R. Edwards, J. Eakin, J. Fish, P. Fowler, A. M. Follett, A. R. Fenton, J. A. Flint, W. F. Fuller, W. Gordon, W. R. Goodwin, P. N. Granger, G. L. Hager, J. Hutchins, J. B. Hill, A. S. Hunt, T. A. Hildreth, E. A. H. Harris, L. Horton, J. C. Hall, H. A. Jones, M. Johnson, G. W. King, A. S. Ladd, N. Leavitt, N. La Mars, A. Lowell, R. S. Lord, A. McCord, N. D. Morehouse, F. Morse, E. M. Mathews, H. N. Millison, H. H. Martin, M. I. Mowry, C. Moffitt, P. Martin, Wm. Murphy, J. L. Morse, V. W. Mattoon, and visitor, See, See, and See.

**IMPORTANT.**  
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Express and B. Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

**Marriages.**  
[Marriage notices over a month old not inserted.]  
COOPER—CHURCH—In the West Duxbury M. E. Church, Dec. 27, by Rev. B. W. Hutchins, John J. J. Cooper and Millie F. Church, both of Duxbury, Mass.

BALSER—JACQUES—In the M. E. Church at Haverhill, by Rev. P. C. Singer, J. Albert Balsar and Marie Jacques, both of E. P.

MAY—SIMONS—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Wilbraham, Dec. 24, by Rev. E. F. Kingsley, Walter P. May and Anna Simons, both of Wilbraham.

HUBBERT—BLAIR—At the residence of the bride's parents in Oxford, Mass., Dec. 24, by Rev. J. M. Hays, D. D., Rev. E. F. Hubbert, of Upper Lowell Conference, and Mary Blair.

RICHARDSON—FRIMBY—In Wilbraham, Dec. 24, by Rev. G. W. Mansfield, Joseph H. Richardson, of South Hadley, and Ella M. Frimby, of W.

**Business Notices.**  
READ the last column on the third page Every Week for announcements of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

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**NOTICE.**—The Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold a Day of Prayer on Friday, Jan. 8, from 10 to 4 o'clock, in Bromfield St. Church vestry. Subjects chosen by the Evangelical Alliance, with special reference to temperance interests. Leader charged each hour. All cordially invited to attend

## The Family.

AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

BY BELLA M. SWAIL.

DEUT. 32: 35.

Down from prophetic ages to the busy whirl of to-day,  
Grander than thought of sages, or poet's burning lay,  
Come words of infinite love, spoken in infinite power,  
A golden message of peace to comfort each weary hour;  
Fear not, though thy spirit faints, and the way thou canst not see,  
The promise is forever: "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Days that have little of grandeur, or of joy's tidal flow,  
Days that are born in shadow, and catch no sunset glow,  
When we walk with restless feet such a weary round of care,  
That song is hushed into silence, and still is the voice of prayer,  
We blindly stray in the valley, nor scarce can we see the light,  
The halo of God's glory encircling the mountain height.

Through days of intense sorrow, when quivering thrills of pain  
May deaden the busy action of pulse, and nerve, and brain,  
When love's gentle ministrations seem powerless to bless,  
Ah, then, what untold comfort, what infinite graciousness,  
What splendor of glowing light through darkness we may see,  
Still shining in the promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Through agony-thrills of anguish precluding thought of gain,  
In some rare baptism of grief, some pentecost of pain,  
When our hearts lie crushed and bleeding from wounds of bitter loss,  
When faltering, faint and weak 'neath the burden of the cross,  
Our lips can scarcely utter, "Christ, be merciful to me,"  
How tender then the music: "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Through the earnest toil and effort of consecrated life,  
Strength for stronger endeavor in the turmoil and busy strife,  
As filled with inspiration for grander and nobler deeds,  
We turn from contemplation to the quest for human needs,  
With hands that are ready for service, feel that are swift to run  
Even in thorny paths, that the Master's will may be done.

In tempest throes of life, or the peace of its waveless calms,  
Through its minor strains of woe, or joy of triumphant psalms,  
Like the mighty undertone of the deep, un-resting sea,  
This promise giveth fullness to its meed of minstrelsy;  
And in the vale of shadows, with the angel melody,  
Will blend in sweet fulfillment: "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Saugerville, Que.

### NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

BY A. C. SCAMMELL.

"I wish you a Happy New Year!"  
"Well, how do you propose making it so?"

I started at the question. I expected one of his hearty "Thanks," that meant for me double all I gave.

"I was only asking myself the question," he said, placing in my hand the pretty gift he knew I would prize. "I think holiday wishes much like the wrappings that hold our gifts, worthless as soon as removed. Now, wouldn't they to change places — the wish, meaning the earnest purpose to make happy, being inside, and the gift, which is only the expression of that purpose, becoming the wrapper?"

"Yes, they really ought," I said. "What care we would take of the wrappers, though! We would want them to show to our friends, you know."

"We can make patient, daily endeavor or something to show, perhaps, though it may be years, first," was the quiet answer.  
I could not make many presents. The children, of course, were remembered. "It takes so little to make them happy," I said. It will take more than a little of patience and thoughtful sacrifice to keep each of the 365 days as bright as childhood days ought to be, I see. Grandmother, far on in her second childhood, came out late to breakfast, looking tired and dispirited. The chorus of the children's "Happy New Year," and the pretty bon-bons carefully hidden under her plate, wonderfully brightened her. She ought to have sweetmeats all the rest of her life — social ones, I mean; care-taking from us all, in telling her the bits of dainty news, if there are any, and if there are none, serving up the old harmless gossip in a way that pleases, letting her have her own way, and asking every now and then, "What is it best to do, grandma?"

Yesterday I wrote New Year's letters — twelve full pages to one, a news letter and a real love-letter, too. It will reach her by to-morrow, and will seem like the crisp New England air that she writes me so much; though, as I wrote about everything, I hope the letter will have the odor of all the seasons, and the flavor of everything she used to love, before her work of self-sacrifice bade her give it up. Such letters ask time and thought. It isn't pleasant to write of deaths and accidents, failures and wrecks of character of those who gave early promise of a full, rich life; yet the friend has a right to know. Only, the laugh and the glad tears must fill most of the pages. It is much easier to think letters than to write them, but a sealed envelope, with yourself, and as many others as it will hold, inside it, is a wonderful healer and comforter, and helps make the "Happy New Year."

I have a few croakers, real professional fretters, on my list of friends. Not bosom friends, don't think! They

would have worn me out before this, were they as near as that, but what our good pastor calls "Golden Rule friends," that you try to like about as well as you do yourself. What can I do for them this year? Two or three I could make glad by asking them to share my home for a few weeks — not the whole at once, you know, but one at a time, with long interludes between. Our humble home, with its doors wide open all through, like great motherly arms, with the sunshine and air always at home, and the pretty coziness we sell have, though we cannot have luxury, is a good place to croak in, and we must learn to be good people to croak to. When our general sumniness has driven all the fret out, there will be room for the blessed content to come in.

Poor, rich Mrs. Davis called after dinner. "An end to moralizing for this day," I thought, as for a full hour she poured out her complaints. "No-body remembered her at Christmas; she hadn't had a real present for years; people thought because she had plenty of money, she didn't need one, perhaps. Brother John's children were always making pretty knickknacks to give away, but they never gave any to her. The other day, Bessie said, 'Aunt Jane, if I could only buy you something nice, I would, but you wouldn't care for the simple things I make.' I would, though; I'd set a store by the least thing she gave me, if she made it all a-purpose for me." Poor woman! she has not learned the secret of making people give to her because they cannot help it; because not to give would be a real sacrifice. Now, I think a part of Christmas and New Year work should be to invent locks by which you can enter people, taking it for granted that however rich, selfish, or unlovable they may be, they always need something, not only on holidays, but on every day of the year. I'll give poor, rich Mrs. Davis something once in a while, if it's only a cookie. Sugar it over, with a real kindly interest in her, and I guess she'll be glad of it.

Just here, my wise mentor of the morning came home.

"What have you been doing all day?" he asked.

"Not much, only planning out a few 'Happy New Years' for some people I know," I answered.

Milford, Mass.

### THE OLD YEAR.

BY REV. J. H. HILLMAN.

The north wind's wail so lonely  
Is falling on the ear,  
Its cadence telling only  
The death-knell of the year.

Night's raven wing doth cover  
The frozen earth so cold,  
She gently hovers over  
The year grown gray and old.

The Old Year lies a-dying —  
He's breathing out his last,  
And soon he will be lying  
In the grave of the past.

His spirit's now departing,  
The tears our cheeks bedew,  
Our hearts with grief are smarting,  
As we say our fond "Adieu!"

He's gone despite our sorrow,  
To wish his stay is vain,  
His form no glad to-morrow  
May ever bring again.

God only can his story,  
His good or ill, portray;  
To him be power and glory  
Who gave and takes away!

### Our Girls.

MARION'S NEW YEAR'S VISITORS.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"It's a perfect shame we can't keep 'open house,'" said Belle, making her fair face look more like a peach-blossom than ever, by the pink "cloud" she was lying on.

"You are going to have fun enough at Kitty Farrows', but think of me, said Nettie mournfully.

"Too bad we have to be separated, but who wants to invite three sisters, 'three roses on a single stem'; it is somebody's duty to get married," replied Marion laughing.

"I despair of ever being Miss Hanna, but don't let me hurry you, old lady. There is one thing I like to remark; we don't have the larks we did before you formed your 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers.' We used to keep open house, and never worried about expense or trouble," said Belle, with a shade of regret.

"Yes, and mother stayed out in the kitchen all day, overseeing the oysters and coffee, and then had a sick headache three days," answered Nettie.

"Saint Marion is right. There's the bell; the boys have come. Good-by, sis. Don't forget your foolish sisters in your prayers to-night."

Two quick kisses were dropped on the earnest face of the elder sister, and the girls in party array tripped down stairs. Marion sighed, and for a moment regretted her refusal to join in the frolic they would have. She expected a busy day on the morrow, for the teachers of the South Mission were going to receive their pupils in the chapel, as their New Year's celebration. Besides, Marion always sought a quiet hour New Year's eve, to "in-voice," as she called it, and make plans for the improvement of the coming year.

It was her housekeeping week, so there were several duties to be attended to; then Marion drew her low rocker before the glowing grate, and began her annual character-house-cleaning.

In a few moments the room seemed filled with strange forms.

"Who are you?" asked Marion in surprise.

"Your resolution committee of last year," replied one, who seemed to be the chairman, or woman, as the case might be. "We heard you were keep-

ing open house to-night, so thought we would make our annual report. I am the resolution called 'Keeping a Diary.'"

"I remember," replied Marion hastily. "I thought it would be a good habit to keep a record of my inner life for self-improvement."

"Also, if I remember," continued Diary Resolution, "in case you became a famous woman, there would be material for the 'Life and Letters of' —"

"You must have misunderstood my motive," interrupted Marion, coloring guiltily. "I did invite you last year, I admit, but I had to give you up, for I haven't time during the day, and am too sleepy at night to write a respectable diary. I don't see how people ever write those beautiful journals and do anything else."

"Why did you come?" she asked, turning to one who held a Bible open at the book of Judges.

"You called me last year. I am the resolution to read the Bible through in a year. I stayed with you thus far, pointing to the open page.

"I am sorry I failed, but there were so many dreadful stories in Judges, I began skipping, and I am so busy, I confess I can't do much more than read the Sunday-school lesson and my 'Daily Food.'"

One member of the committee had been rising constantly, trying to speak, so Marion said, "Pray, what broken resolution are you?"

"I am 'Going to Class-meeting every Sunday.' I was called six times during the year."

"Well, I am sorry I failed there, for it is a great spiritual help; besides, the girls never go unless I do. But we have breakfast too late on Sunday."

"Perhaps if you had kept me, it might have been easier to have kept those before me," said an untidy looking individual, who gave unmistakable signs of a hasty toilet. "I am the good resolution 'Getting up Early.' I was kept a week, and called in every picnic or horse-back excursion."

Marion groaned. "I meant to keep you, and always go to breakfast looking as I do when we have company. I have abused you, I know, often missed family prayers, and lost many precious hours of study, but I am too sleepy to live in the morning."

"Perhaps if you had kept my sister, 'Going to Bed Early,' you might have kept me," suggested Early Rising.

Several other broken resolutions rose to speak; one was, "Giving a Tenth to the Lord;" another, "Never Use Slang;" and a third, "Taking Care of the Health." "Reading less Fiction" might have been the fourth, for it was armed to the teeth with learned looking books.

"I really thought I had improved," cried poor Marion. "Have I, then, failed in every way, this year?"

"You have kept me most of the time," replied a happy-looking individual. "You asked for a cure for sensitiveness. That generally means a cure for obscure, refined selfishness. You have been overcoming in this, all the year."

"I am very glad," replied Marion humbly. "People are so much more careful of my feelings lately. I have thought the girls are better natured, and Ned less of a tease. I am sure mother is more patient; or can it be, forgetting Hanna leaves no place uncovered for wounds? I am sure I don't want to be so sensitive, especially if, as you say, it is but one form of selfishness. How can I always keep you with me?"

"There is but one way for sensitive people to live happily," replied Unselfishness. "Look to Jesus and forget Marion Hanna."

The clock on the marble mantel struck twelve, and Marion started from her reverie. It did not matter whether it was a sleeping or waking dream. She had her key-note for the coming year. She began it with a season of grateful prayer, and made no new resolves.

"Girls, I've sworn off on going out so much. Going to turn over a new leaf," said Ned at the breakfast table next morning. "Marion is the only one of the lot who looks bright enough to support an idea this morning. Sis, how many good resolutions did you sleep on, last night?"

"Not any, brother, except to look more closely at my Pattern. My New Year's verse is, 'Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.'"

### THE NEW YEAR.

The frosty wind whistles on  
The stranger's lagging foot,  
And, for a moment, in the hush  
The Old and New Year meet;  
And one goes back to God again,  
And one stays on for joy or pain.

And he who stays looks for thy face  
Not grudgingly, as one who must,  
And with swift arms encircles thee,  
And claims thee as his right;  
And one who can come as near  
To thee as he, the Stranger Year.

He will abide his time with thee —  
His own full life do part;  
Therefore receive him tenderly  
And take him to thy heart,  
Not grudgingly, as one who must,  
But generously with love and trust.

Be not afraid to give thyself  
Into his guiding hands,  
For he will lead through day or dark,  
To rough or pleasant lands,  
And he will give thee light or rest,  
The shine or shade, as shall be best.

Respond to every word of his  
With faith that does not fear;  
Another speaks to thee through him,  
And thou shalt hear him clear;  
Oh, love him, for he comes to bless  
Thy life with good and happiness.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

### THE EVERY-DAY LIFE.

It is our every-day life that decides what kind of Christians we are. We cannot form a proper estimate of Christian character by seeing our friends now and then, or passing a day or two in their society at intervals.

We are generally thrown into the society of our friends upon pleasant occasions. We meet them upon life's holidays often than in the usual routine of daily duties. We greet them

upon social occasions when they are prepared to meet us with pleasant words and loving smiles. It is easy then to smile and speak kindly. It is easy to wear a cheerful look when the burden and task are put away from them, and when free from the influences that chafe and fret the body and soul.

Divine grace is not always required upon occasions like this to win the good opinion and approval of others. There is often enough natural goodness about human beings to bring to the surface of their lives those genial graces which charm other eyes and win the respect and confidence of those with whom they come in contact.

Not so, however, in the every-day life. Divine grace alone can sustain the soul when the burden is heavy, and care and trial meet us at every step. There is not enough moral strength in the heart of humanity to sustain it when the body is weary, and the poor, weak arms just ready to let fall the burden. When trial, discouragement, and disaster all combine to render the life-path dreary, then the blessed faith in Christ alone can hold those unpleasant influences in check and still the troubled waters. With the "abiding Comforter" in the soul, it is as easy to smile and appear cheerful in adverse circumstances as for the willing to be happy in the hours of peace and prosperity.

It is our every-day life that builds up our Christian character. If we overcome the daily annoyances of life we grow strong and heroic, and soon become a pleasant task to do, bear, and suffer. The service of Christ is one that grows lighter and more pleasant as the years go by. The blessed faith or inflicts needless wounds upon those who are engaged in it.

It is our daily life that exerts a last influence over the world. It is this that tests the value of religion, and proves to others that it is pure gold, and not a mere profession. It weighs and measures the golden treasure in a way which proves its great worth, and the skeptic himself stands confounded and silenced.

A holy every-day life is the constant practice of the divine principle which saves, lifts up, and elevates the human soul. — *Presbyterian Observer*.

### A HELPFUL MYSTERY.

Some one had sent Mrs. Sharpley a turkey; and she had no more idea who the giver could be than as if it had come from the man in the moon.

It must have been intended, too, as a New Year's gift, as it arrived the day before; and such a fine, plump turkey as it was!

Mrs. Sharpley had several times made mental calculations with a view to deciding whether or not she could afford a small turkey, or perhaps a chicken, for her solitary dinner the next day, especially as she was sick on Christmas Day and so indulged in nothing richer than gruel; but poultry was high and her receipts small, so she had decided, perforce, that a chop or a bit of steak would do.

Mrs. Sharpley had been indulging in some rather bitter reflections during the closing weeks of the year, and their result had been visible in her manner and speech, although she was probably not aware of it.

Her life was a lonely one, and full of vexation, and she had no one to help in the sharp, constant struggle for daily bread.

She imagined Mr. Stock, the provision dealer, did not care much for her small trade and regarded her as rather a bore, although she was polite and attentive enough, for that matter.

Then Mr. Pounds, the grocer, always mentioned the price of his cheapest things when she went there, as if of course she had not paid for the best, and the worst of it was, she couldn't. So she allowed herself to feel a little sore and sensitive towards both the butcher and the grocer.

But little Miss Styles, who lived opposite, she once actually proposed altering over Mrs. Sharpley's bonnet for nothing, "just as a neighbor, you know," she said half apologetically, when making the preceding offer.

Mrs. Sharpley knew the little milliner had been eyeing her home-made bonnet rather closely, and as she had about as much lack of taste in such matters as the milliner had supply of that useful commodity, of course the bonnet looked queer to the skilled vision of the latter. But then Miss Styles was evidently taken quite aback by the prompt, not to say indignant, refusal with which she was met.

But now that the main part of a nice dinner had been so kindly and unexpectedly furnished, the widow at once concluded to get some vegetables, also to make a small plum-pudding. And, moreover, she felt aware that her feelings had undergone some subtle and sudden change towards all her acquaintances. She concluded that after all Mr. Stock might think more of her than she had thought, and thought for. And like as not, he was the very man who sent the turkey! Or, perhaps Mr. Pounds, who raised poultry and sold it at the market, might have considered her reduced circumstances, and sent it himself out of the kindness of his heart.

At all events, having made satisfactory arrangements as to what she would have for dinner the next day, Mrs. Sharpley naturally kind-hearted and social, next resolved she never could enjoy herself in such luxury all by herself.

But whom invite to the feast? She kept thinking of the little milliner over the way, and fancying how it might cheer her up spending New Year's Day out, and having a nice turkey dinner. And perhaps she didn't mean to be insulting about the matter of the bonnet; she seemed like a nice enough little lady, and certainly had nice customers; and so at length Miss Styles was invited and readily accepted so kind an invitation.

In vain Mrs. Sharpley quizzed first the market man's then the grocer's boy as to where they carried turkeys the day before; either they were obtuse and could not understand the drift of her inquiries, or else they knew more than they wished to tell.

But the dinner was delightful. Little Miss Styles proved herself so agreeable a companion that Mrs. Sharpley secretly promised herself many future visits from the dear little woman. She knew now nothing amiss was intended about her poor old bonnet, and even went so far as to consult Miss Styles about its further renovation. And the milliner, without further ado, began at once to rearrange and retrim the dilapidated structure, declaring that next to a splendid dinner, she did enjoy putting on bonnets.

In short, the little visit was the beginning of a friendship which became a great blessing to both solitary ladies. After a while Mrs. Sharpley, so sure

in her own mind that Mr. Stock sent the turkey, that when his boy was taken down dangerously ill, insisted on being allowed to watch with him three nights, and the last night of her watch the fever turned and recovery was speedy. Then the grateful provision dealer told everybody that Mrs. Sharpley had the kindest heart, and was the best nurse of any one he knew; and sundry packages received at different times from Mr. Stock's best supplies warranted and induced repeated visits from the genial little milliner to her opposite neighbor.

But, strange to tell, Mr. Pounds' little girl fell sick almost as soon as the little Stock boy got well. And Mrs. Sharpley was seized with a sudden conviction that after all it was the grocer who sent the turkey. Anyways, she would serve the two dealers alike; and her prompt offer to watch with the little suffering Pounds child was gratefully accepted.

And after a tedious illness the child rallied and was well and strong again. Then it was that whenever Mrs. Sharpley asked for anything in the grocer's store she was not informed of the real price at all, but the choicest of any kind she happened to desire was at her once put up. And the way Mr. Pounds did not about the pay! Didn't charge what even second or third rate goods were really worth, but would say after putting up a dollar's worth or more of things, "Well, give me a quarter if you like, that's all I'll take, anyway."

And when Mrs. Sharpley hinted that she should feel delicate about trading with him if he would not take more pay, he told her she was mistaken, and that she should only keep sending things he thought she needed without any pay at all.

But still the matter of the turkey remained a mystery. And what was more, Mrs. Sharpley never really knew who sent it.

The fact was, the whole thing was simply a mistake. A wealthy lady, who lived a mile or more from Mrs. Sharpley, failed to receive her New Year's dinner as expected. But when she appeared at the up-town market where she traded, to discover, if possible, the reason why she was neglected or overlooked, it was impossible to trace the matter.

Three boys had been busy all the day previous running errands and filling out orders. Whether a turkey had been sent her or not was uncertain, but there were plenty other nice ones on hand, and so the good-looking bird was forwarded forthwith to her spacious dwelling.

But only to think of all the good that resulted from a poor, lonely, nearly discarded woman having been, as she thought, kindly noticed by some one better off than herself! It really seems well worth one's while to try the effect of benefiting some person poorer off than oneself.

Mrs. Sharpley was another woman from the time that big turkey entered her door; and had it been only a chicken, the tendency would have been the same.

Of course we know that God sent the widow the good, cheering meal, and its consequent pleasant results, although, alas! no one was credited on the celestial records with having performed the good deed.

But how beautiful it must be to be able to make one of God's creatures so happy, and such an acceptable way to begin a New Year! So much like the dear Saviour who went about doing good! — *Golden Rule*.

### NIMH LONGE DEO.

It is the natural impulse of mankind to long for the death of his kindred clay. Near the familiar scenes of every day. The dashed maidens, the oft-trodden way. The homes and haunts that were so dear, so kind.

He felt the common need — that sad-eyed saint. Who watched his brother die by Ostia's sea. And, as he laid his head, grew more faint. Opened his stern lips for the home complaint: "Oh! might thy grave at home in Carthage be!"

At home! where we can deck each grassy sod. Can watch their rest and say: "They are not far;" Can lay sweet roses by the buried head, And dream that beauty, bloom, and perfume shed.

A certain grateful influence where they are. And yet, time flies; we falter and grow old. And, one by one, the road mysterious We no more see, where lie the shadows cold. And none be left to dress and tend the mold. So precious and significant to us.

Each century sweeps clean the loves and hates Of all its predecessor centuries; And the worn records, the old carved dates Are nothing to the new time, which creates Its own emotions, as 'neath familiar sod.

But what are our fears or our less or more To those who trust Thy faithfulness, O God? Surely they lay them down on foreign shores As did Monica, or had their names not been Of ocean waves, as 'neath familiar sod.

We must forsake — but Thine forsake not! The tasks our hands let fall, Thy hands up-bear: Nothing is far from Thee; no loneliness spot, No grain of Christian dust shall be forgot, Or in the resurrection lose its share.

Thy angels guard the grave of Moses deep; And no man knoweth his sepulchre to-day; And the same guardian care shall watch and sleep. The distant graves of those beloved who lie in Christ, and make them fair and safe al-

— *SERAX COOLIDGE, in Independent*.

### The Little Folks.

WHAT NEW YEAR'S BROUGHT.

BY EMMA WARD RUMSTAD.

In a little log cabin back in the woods dwelt an old man and his two grand-children — Paul, twelve years old, and little Reba, two years younger. They were very poor, but happy, and above all grateful for their many mercies.

For although the thatched roof was broken and often let in the rain, and the potatoes had been scanty, still had not the butternuts been more plenty than usual, and the venison they had trapped had been a rare treat.

Often as they gathered round the fire the old man would while away the long evenings by telling of some of his early adventures, and the children, never tired of listening, would look with awe at the deer's horns and other trophies which hung over the fireplace.

As they were thus employed one rainy night, a stranger entered — a rough looking man with a gun, and a dog following close at his heels.

"Got anything to warm a fellow up with?" he demanded in a gruff voice.

"Nothing stronger than tea," replied the old man, who, no matter how poor he was, always managed to have a little tea in the house.

"Well, give me a cup of that. Strong, d'ye hear?" addressing the latter half of the sentence to Reba, who had

brought out the teapot. So saying, the man put his gun in the corner and sat down in front of the fire, while the dog skulked away under the table.

"Rough weather this," said the old man, trying to draw out the stranger.

"Middling. I've seen worse. How far is it to Flatham Falls?"

"Nigh onto ten mile. Be you going there to-night?" queried the old man.

"Any robbers in these woods?" asked the man, not appearing to notice the last question.

"They never come near us," said the old man, "though I've heard tell they prowled round and waylay travelers sometimes."

The stranger sat in deep thought for several moments, till roused from his reverie by Reba, who handed him a smoking cup of tea, which he eagerly drank, and handed back the cup for another. He looked so dark and threatening that Reba involuntarily shrank back, and with trembling hands poured out cup after cup of the strong beverage.

"Guess I'll put up here for the night. You needn't put yourself out. I'll sleep on the floor here," said the stranger presently.

Paul and Reba stole up stairs and lay awake for a long time in the loft over- head until the stranger, overcome by the warmth of the fire, had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly.

When Paul awoke next morning and went into the room below, the stranger had gone, while in the cup which stood on the table was a bright five-dollar gold piece. Paul could hardly believe his senses, and he rubbed his eyes to see if he were not dreaming, but the gold still remained in the cup. He turned it over, when the coin rattled upon the floor and disappeared down a crack under the hearth.

"Oh, dear, I've lost it!" he exclaimed, while tears of disappointment started in his eyes.

"Why, Paul, isn't the fire made yet?" asked Reba, coming down and seeing Paul intently working over the bricks.

Before he could answer they heard the sound of horses galloping down the road. Another moment, and they had stopped at the door, and before the children could gather their scattered wits, a loud knock came and a man's voice said, "Hurry up there, and undo the door!"



